

**The Evening World**  
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VOLUME 44.....NO. 15,535.

### The Evening World First.

Number of columns of advertising in The  
Evening World for 12 months, ending  
February 29, 1904.....12,518½  
Number of columns of advertising in The  
Evening World for 12 months, ending  
February 28, 1903.....8,257½

INCREASE.....4,261½

This record of growth was not equaled by any  
newspaper, morning or evening, in the United States.

### ROGUES ABOVE THE LID.

That the lid is not completely down there is frequent  
evidence, the most recent and startling being from  
Harlem. It is subject to upheaval because there are  
rogues above as well as below it.

Mayor McClellan and Commissioner McAduo are  
credited with sincerity of purpose. Of this sincerity  
the dismissal of Cowan and Haggerty was an indication,  
which might be pleasantly accentuated by similar treat-  
ment for McAvoy. Recent developments in Harlem  
show the absolute unfitness of McAvoy.

Doubtless both the Mayor and the head of the Police  
Department are subjected to terrific pressure. Perhaps  
this cannot be stopped wholly. So far as officials of any  
grade are instrumental in its application, it can be  
stopped, and the punishment of the offenders follow as  
an imperative necessity.

Mr. McAduo asserts that certain policemen and de-  
tectives are sustaining the law-breakers by refusing to  
carry out specific orders. Thus the lid is raised, but  
not entirely from beneath. It is pried up and kept up  
through insubordination and collusion, violation of oath,  
and wanton crime.

Surely the Commissioner has enough faithful men to  
enable him to apprehend the recreants and to overcome  
their malign influence. Part of the satisfaction of ob-  
serving the lid slam would be in the spectacle of cor-  
ruption getting its unclean fingers pinched.

In a "get there" age, it is rather the man of destination  
than of destiny.

### FOUND THE EASIER WAY.

A Michigan man will \$10,000 to each of three  
sweethearts. With this sum the trio will be able to  
array themselves in wool and becoming black, and later  
encouraged to emerge, stylish, and with hope renewed,  
from their span of grief.

Perhaps the man had found the easier way. He  
cared for all the women equally. Willingly would he  
have married any of them, but he knew the other two  
would file among the wedding gifts papers in suits for  
breach of promise. So with masterful tact he kept good  
graces all around. No foolish letter of his ever was read  
in court. His affairs were not even discussed until he  
was dead and didn't care.

In the light afforded by the average breach-of-promise  
action, the Michigan man will be adjudged wise. The  
peace he purchased by the outlay of \$30,000, for which  
he had no use, was cheap at the price.

Husband dead, wife dead, boy dying. That's how the  
pistol inquired in Williamsburg yesterday what we're going  
to do about it.

### THE PRESSING PERIL OF THE PARKS.

The City Club has issued a pressing appeal for general  
public participation in the fight against the Dowling bill  
at Albany providing that "temporary" school buildings  
may be erected in small parks in New York.

It is suggested by the club that brief letters of protest  
be sent to Gov. Odell, to S. Frederick Nixon, Speaker;  
to James T. Rogers, Assembly Chamber; to Jean L.  
Burnett, Chairman of Cities Committee, Assembly  
Chamber, or to any of the following individual members  
of the Cities Committee of the Assembly:

Frederick W. Hammond, Jacob D. Remsen, George B.  
Agnew, Robert L. Cox, William J. Grattan, J. M. Wain-  
wright, Edward C. Dowling, Josiah T. Newcomb, Charles E.  
Ogden, John McKeown, William H. Hornidge and Anthony  
F. Burke.

The peril of the bill hangs over every park in New  
York except Central and Prospect Parks.

Already the Board of Education, anticipating the  
passage of this measure, is contemplating taking about  
one-half of Corleone Hook Park, Seward Park, Hamilton  
Park and Mulberry Bend Park, all on the lower east  
side, as well as portions of five parks in Brooklyn  
and others in other parts of Manhattan.

As The Evening World has said again and again, the  
proposed measure is unnecessary, unwise and threaten-  
ing. It is mistakenly indorsed by the Mayor, which  
makes public protest all the more important.

Every citizen who cares actively for the parks and  
does not want to see the first step taken for their sure  
destruction should respond to the City Club's request.

There is something wrong when police inquire as to a  
burglar's politics before subjecting him to the annoyance  
of arrest.

### IN THE MATTER OF "PULL."

One "Monk" Eastman is said to have a "pull." Mr.  
Eastman is not of a character to be trusted to exercise  
this with discretion.

The influence described as a "pull" may be so vague  
that tracing it to a definite source is difficult. It is per-  
haps exerted by somebody powerful enough to render its  
existence logical. When the possessor is an habitual  
and notorious criminal, the element of logic vanishes.

If the truth about Eastman has appeared, he has  
been able after arrest for attempted robbery, followed  
by attempted murder, to injure the policeman who caused  
him inconvenience.

There is a simple method of neutralizing the  
criminal's "pull." It is that of putting the criminal in  
prison and keeping him there. To bear him company  
should be the officials that the will of a Monk Eastman  
could sway.

When Sullivan offered to pay 40 cents on the dollar some-  
body seems to have asked him where he expected to get  
the 40 cents.

## Happiest Time in a Girl's life.

By Helen Oldfield.

THERE is no happier period in a  
woman's life than that of her en-  
gagement of marriage to the man  
of her choice, when that choice is fully  
approved by her family and friends,  
and he is, moreover, her devoted love.  
Marriage may bring fuller fruition and  
deeper joys, together with the blessed-  
ness which, says tell us, is sometimes  
better than happiness, since it is  
unselfish. But it brings also grave re-  
sponsibilities, and the sweetness of its  
cup is never altogether unmixed with  
sorrow and care. A girl's engagement  
is, however, usually regarded, for a  
time at least, as a complete triumph.  
It places her upon a pedestal, and forth-  
with renders her an object of interest  
to all her acquaintances and a person of  
importance to all her girl friends. She  
is petted and privileged; she is the re-  
cipient of a thousand attentions; she is  
made much of, and is invested with  
many of the rights while still excused  
from all the duties and obligations of a  
wife.

It is impossible to deny that however  
devoted a husband may be, he is rarely  
so attentive as a dutiful fiancé. No ma-  
chine can be always kept at high  
pressure; custom stales most things in  
this world, and the lover is in a state  
of expectancy which adds much to the  
 zest of his attachment and to the eager-  
ness of his affection. Marriage means  
give and take, and the wife is supposed  
to serve as a ministering angel in her  
husband's home. During the engage-  
ment the ideal lover is his lady's faith-  
ful slave, mindful of her slightest wish  
and obedient to her every whim, how-  
ever unreasonable it may be in other  
eyes than his. After marriage it is she  
who is vowed to "love, honor and obey."  
It is small wonder that, under such a  
state of things, many young girls look  
forward eagerly to an engagement as  
something greatly to be desired and are  
prone to consider the being "engaged"  
as of more importance than the man to  
whom they are engaged, and so rush  
into that state of supposed beatitude  
without thought of the end to which it  
may lead.

There are times when a promise of  
marriage is far better broken than kept.  
Half the miseries that develop in mar-  
ried life arise from the false estimate  
which lovers form of each other. It is  
many times better for them to know  
each other's faults and follies before-  
hand, and to end off with the eyes  
than to find the angel of courtship  
transformed into the demon of matrimony.

Neither can it be insisted too often  
nor too strenuously that, when an en-  
gagement is to be broken, it is the  
woman's right to sever the tie, even  
though the man may hand her the  
knife, he must do so "under the rose."  
The reason is self-evident. It may  
hurt a man's vanity; it may even go  
far to break his heart to be jilted; but  
it does him no such harm as the eyes  
of a censorious world as befalls the  
woman who suffers the like wrong.  
However fortunate her escape, she is  
pitted and contemned. It is one of the  
crooked ways of the world, which is  
there and cannot be made straight.

### SOME OF THE BEST JOKES OF THE DAY.

#### MOONSHINER'S GRIEF.

"I don't mind the Government fol-  
lows breaking up the 'still' after they've  
caught me an' captured my belongings,"  
said the Georgia moonshiner, "but it  
breaks my heart to see 'em stave in  
some of the whiskey barrels an' let the  
licker run."

"When did that happen?"  
"Once or twice. An' that was likker  
enough in one of 'em barrels to make  
ever' poor man in the county feel as  
rich as Morgan an' imagine he was in  
love with his mother-in-law!"—Atlanta  
Constitution.

#### IS IT SLOW?

Mrs. La Salle—And Philadelphia—  
are things really slow there?  
Mr. La Salle (who has just returned  
from the East)—Slow? Why, a Chicago  
man could dodge lightning in Philadel-  
phia.—Brooklyn Life.

#### NICE COMBINATION.

Mrs. Enspeck—That new maid of ours  
has no sense of reverence whatever.  
Enspeck—How so?

Mrs. Enspeck—Why she put the angel  
food on that plate with the old sick in  
the edge of it.—Baltimore American.

#### SAVING CLAUSE.

The Lady—Gracious! Fifty cents a  
box for those strawberries? Why,  
they're such miserable little half-ripe  
things they'd be sure to give one colic.  
The Dealer—But look at the size of  
the box, lady. You don't sit enough  
them to do you no harm.—Philadelphia  
Press.

#### LOOKING UPWARD.

O, my beloved, I am sad to-night,  
Feeling my love less pure than it  
should be  
For 'tween thoughts of self steal  
silently  
Sometimes between thine image  
and the light.

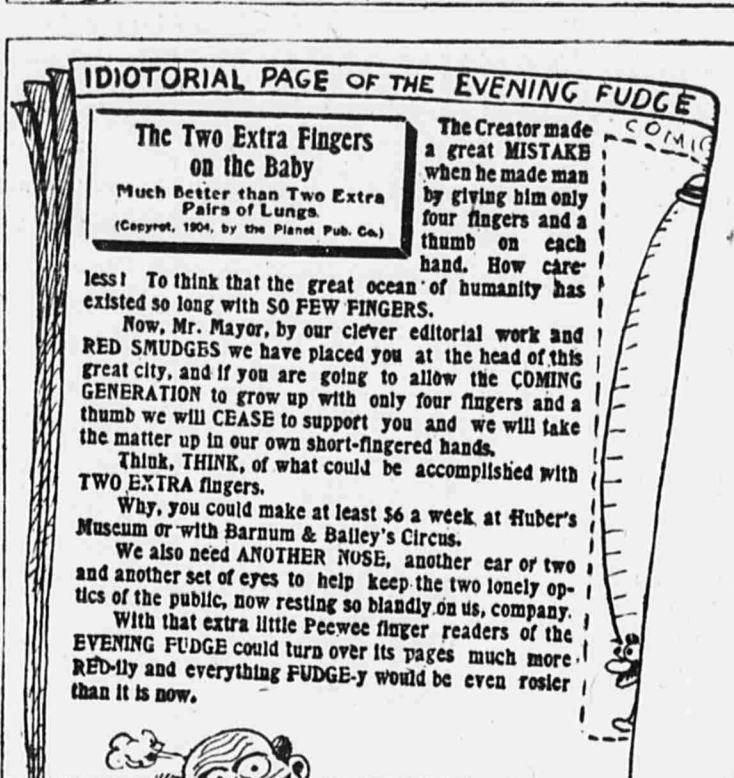
O, were there aught more sacred in  
thy sight  
Than my warm woman love, I'd  
give it thee;  
Silence, or sacrifice, or ecstasy  
Of mystic contemplation's holy  
night.

Is there some purer name than  
Love, that so  
My soul may call thee in her  
secret prayer?  
Brother, or Friend, or aught—I do  
not care,  
So it be dear as that I would  
forgo.

But I should call thee Love again,  
I know,  
Feeling thy kisses on my face and  
hair!  
—Ella Barker, in Lippincott's.

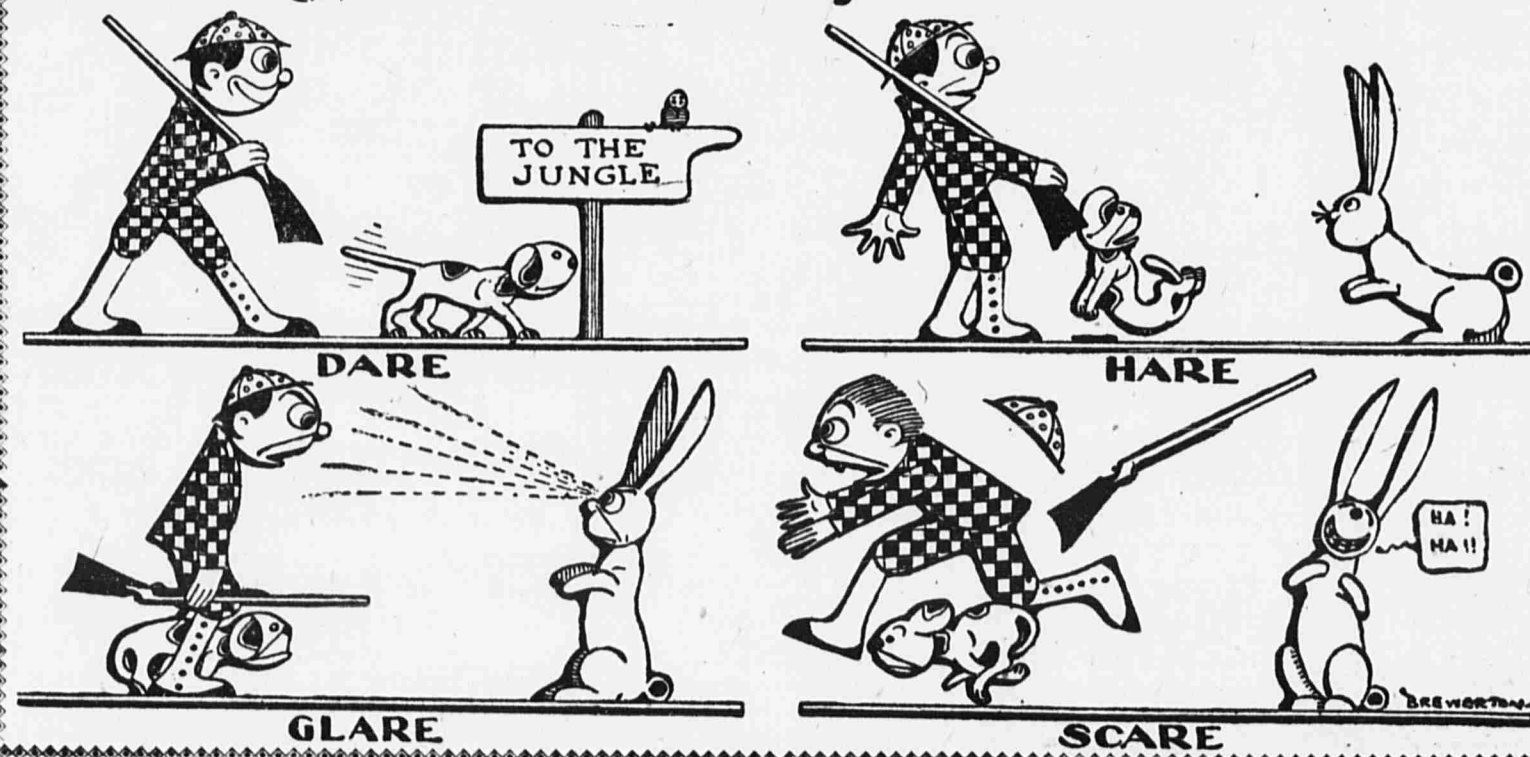
## The Great and Only Mr. Peewee.

THE MOST IMPORTANT LITTLE MAN ON EARTH.  
Mr. Peewee Elucidates the Soothing Influence of Music.



10-Day's \$5 Prize "Fudge" Idiotical Was Written by Orleane D. Orvis, No. 115 W. 96th St., N. Y. City.  
PRIZE PEEWEE HEADLINES for 10-day, \$1 paid for each: No. 1, KENNETH LITSON, No. 252 Summit Avenue, Mount Vernon, N. Y.;  
No. 2, MASTER JOSEPH EDWARD CANNING, No. 39 Bridge street, Brooklyn; No. 3, R. MATHER, MILLTOWN, N. J.  
To-Morrow's Prize "Fudge" Idiotical Gook, "Eat Your Bread and Butter Upside Down."

### Little Tragedies Told in Only Four Words.



### Dorothy Dix Adds Another to The Evening World's Portrait Gallery.

#### NO. II. THE HEN-PECKED MAN.

HO is this, mamma?

This is the Henpecked Man, my child.

What makes him have such a large, cheery air, mamma?

He is trying to put up a bluff, my child, and to look as if he were not afraid.

Why does the Henpecked Man speak in such stern, harsh tones?

It is because he never gets to use his voice except when he is away from home, and it is rusty from lack of exercise.

Observe, mamma, how rudely the Henpecked Man orders about the waiters in restaurants, and how particular he is about his food. Does he do that way at home?

No, my child, at home he dares not pipe, and when his wife tells him to go out and chop the kindling for the hired girl he does as he is bidden.

Hark, mamma, to the insulting tone in which he addresses his employees and see how they tremble before him. Why does he treat them so tyrannically?

He is merely passing along to others some of the boxing he gets himself, and when he gets hold of a poor, defenseless clerk he takes out on him some of the smartness under which he is suffering.

Is the Henpecked Man a married man, mamma?

Yes, my child.

Is his wife a large muscular lady, who could put him out in one round in a domestic mix-up?

No, my child, she is a very small woman, with nerves and automatic tear ducts.

Why then is her husband so afraid of her?

Alas, my child, you are too young to understand these matters. When you are older and have a wife of your own, you will comprehend how a five-foot woman with a double action tongue and a copious supply of weeps can terrorize a husky giant who is six feet two, and weighs two hundred and fifty pounds, so that he has heart failure every time he catches her eye upon him.

Is the Henpecked Man a good man, mamma?

Oh, yes, in the winter he is a model of all the virtues, and all the other wives hold him up as an example to little husbands.

But in the summer, mamma, when his wife's delicate constitution requires her to go away to the mountains—

Sh-sh-sh-sh!

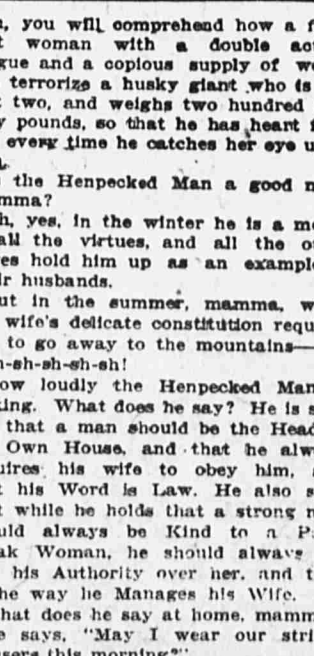
How loudly the Henpecked Man is talking. What does he say? He is saying that a man should be the Head of his Own House, and that he always requires his wife to obey him, and that his Word is Law. He also says that while he holds that a strong man should always be kind to a poor, Weak Woman, he should always assert his Authority over her, and that is the way he Manages his Wife.

What does he say at home, mamma?

He says, "May I wear our striped trousers this morning?"

Is the Henpecked Man sorry when it's wife dies, mamma?

When you are older, my child, you will observe that a three-months widow generally looks as if he had just come out of a rest cure.



"I SEE," said The Cigar Store Man, "that poor En-  
right, the cop, who was shot by a thief, is buried to-day."

"Incidents like this Enright funeral," commented The Man Higher Up, "make it plain why continued attacks upon the police force as a body don't make a bit with the people. There are scoundrels on the New York police force. Take 7,000 ministers, and you will find that not all of them will stand the morality acid test. When you come to consider the environment of a cop, the fact that he is continually stacking up against the side of life that has burrs on it, the remarkable thing about it is that so many of them are decent."

"Generally the people who make the fiercest raves against policemen are people who know least about them. The humble dweller of the tenements knows the cop. He calls the man on the beat by his first name, and to him the blue uniform and brass buttons stand as the signs of government. When his kid is lost the cop brings the kid back. When he is in trouble he tells the cop about it, and gets advice. And when the cop as an institution is jumped on until the marks of the heels are visible the humble citizen takes a fall out of the jumpers by the ballot-box route."

"The list of New York policemen who have been killed in the performance of patrol duty is a long one. There isn't an hour of the night that the policeman is not within reaching distance of his finish. Any store door he tries is likely to be open, and beyond that open door there is likely to be a desperate man with a gun. If you have never looked into the thorax of a revolver you cannot realize the 100-proof nerve it takes to carry out an action like that of Enright. He saw the gun in the thief's hand, but he walked up to grab him by the collar. Not until a bullet had ripped through his insides did he draw his own revolver."

"When a policeman is not taking chances with thieves and murderers and maniacs he is engaged in the placid pastime of stopping runaways, yanking children from in front of street cars, looking after violations of corporation ordinances, trying to refrain from pinching men who are cornered to the collar-buttons, carrying people out of burning buildings before the firemen arrive or jumping off docks after persons desirous of taking the water cure for despondency. While blizzards blizz and rainstorms soak and the hot sun makes the asphalt soft, the conscientious cop is pounding the pavement and keeping the community in line. The death of one hero like Enright wipes out much of the shortcomings of the men who disgrace the uniform."

"Well," said The Cigar Store Man, "my bonnet off to cops of the Enright stripe."

"Same here," echoed The Man Higher Up.

### Ireland's "Green."

Some orators are wont to refer fervidly to the green flag as the "ancient banner of Ireland." Probably, however, St. Patrick and his contemporaries never saw a green flag in Ireland, nor did the Irish for about fourteen centuries after him. There is no mention of a green flag in the Irish annals previous to 1788, says the Chicago News. At the celebrated skirmish known as "the battle of the Boyne" the opposing armies of King William and his father-in-law, King James, wore red uniforms. In order to avoid killing one another by mistake in the confusion of battle William's men stuck green leaves in their hats, while those of James wore white paper rosettes, representing the white rose of York. Thus, by strange irony, the Orangemen were the first wearers of the green in Ireland. The famous Irish brigade in the service of France wore red uniforms; some of them were therefore mistaken for English and cut down by the French cavalry in the melee when the brigade's charge gained the victory at Fontenoy. The Irish insurgents of 1798, Catholics and Protestants, were the first to adopt green as the national color of Ireland. It had been previously proposed as the "color of hope" by Camille Desmoulins to the French revolutionists, but he was outvoted in favor of the tricolor. The Wexford insurgents at first used partially flags of various colors—red, yellow and green—but eventually they fixed on green, which, with baptism of heroic blood, was then firmly and permanently established as the national color of Ireland. There have been some fantastic and wholly unsuccessful attempts to introduce a green, white and yellow "Irish tricolor."

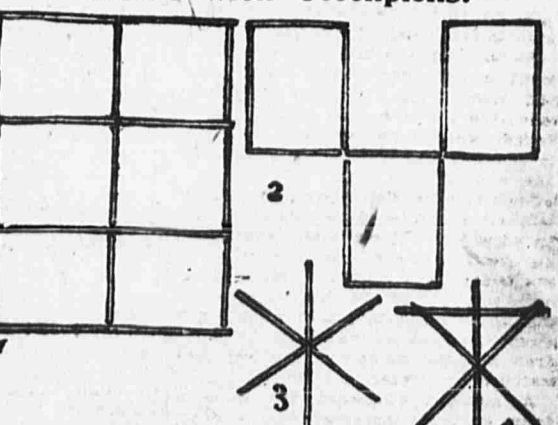
### Her Cue.

It is not an easy matter to introduce anything novel into the surroundings of a performance on the piano, but a young lady of Sydney, N. S. W., has made a daring effort in that direction. The curtain rises on a scene in the Rocky Mountains. An affrighted dame, dressed in backwoods costume, descends a precipitous pathway and soliloquizes: "The Indians have burnt our house and stolen our cattle." Then she catches sight of the instrument. "Ah, heaven be thanked, they have spared my piano!" Then she sits down and plays—and forgets all about her domestic worries.

### An Iodine Corner.

The only source of iodine is the waste of soda refineries of Chile, where it occurs as a waste product. The Government, having a monopoly of the nitrate industry, permits but a small amount of the iodine to be marketed, in order that an exorbitant price may be maintained.

### Tricks with Toothpicks.



Take away five toothpicks from figure 1 and leave three perfect squares. The solution is figure 2.  
Another one is this: Take a toothpick and place another one across it; cross these two toothpicks in their centre with a third (figure 3); then run a fourth under the ends of the two side toothpicks and over the end of the middle one (figure 4); then do the same with a fifth toothpick at the other end. What is this? Well, it is almost anything you wish; it is a gate, a section of a fence or a spring bed. To prove that it is a "spring bed" light one leg of the bed with a match and watch it fly to pieces when the first ball is buried.